Volume XC No. 21 September 19, 1969 40 cents

commonweal

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
SEP 15 RECD
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

A-49120 12-69
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822

Officer Demands

The ALL

A NEWSPAPER FOR SERVICEMEN

Escaped Presidio "Mutineers" Tell Their Story

Stand and LIE at Attention

FTA

FREE TO

YOUR PERSONA
PRO IT CAN NOT BE
LEGALL FROM YOU!

Fun TRA DVENTURE

PUBL FOR & BY GI's AT FORT KNO
DE CH AND THE STRUGGLE FOR HTS

April Fool!

More Men to Vietnam

GI Opposition Grows

ASU Sailor Free —Refused Duty

NOT
This newsp onal property. It
cannot legally om you for any reason.

THE BOND

10¢

The S nen's Newspaper

Vol. 3 No. 3 York, N.Y. March 17, 1969

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

America the Unbeautiful

The country has to do something, and do it quick, else it literally will be knee-deep soon in plastic detergent containers, beer cans and other diarrhea of affluence.

Waste is mounting on the average of five pounds per day per American, and much of it is non-eroding. 350 million tons of solid waste are voided on the U.S. each year by residential, commercial and industrial sources, and the load gets heavier.

San Francisco is in trouble. So are Milwaukee, Philadelphia, New York—almost any place you can name.

Dumps are clogged and there's nowhere to go but back to the old grounds. Communities with open space turn rubbish trucks away. Who wants to be his neighbor's garbage can?

Westchester County's situation is typical. Its dump, sated and reeking, was scheduled for closing last Jan. 1. It's four months to the new deadline, and still nowhere to go. Westchesterites, who thought no worry greater than that of blacks moving up from the Bronx, fret now about choking on their gourmet food cans.

The fate may be deserved, but something still has to be done.

A large part of the nation's disposal problem originates in the packaging of goods. The $16.2 billions in materials purchased by Americans in 1966 weighed 51.7 million tons; about 90 percent of this tonnage was packaging and was discarded.

Everything is overpackaged, from the potato chips marketed in metal cans as well as cellophane, to the screwdriver mounted on display board and sealed by blister.

But prime example of marketing indulgence is still the no-deposit beverage bottle. Drink, then cast it away. There's no salvage; the refuse is permanent. That glass will be around as long as the rocks under your feet.

Returnable bottles make on the average of 19 round-trips to market, but no one wants to handle them any more. Everything's got to be disposable. The nonreturnable container industry has a projected rate growth between now and 1976 of 127 percent!

The problem thus escalates from a glutting of dumps to a scandalous misuse of natural resources.

Washington is not oblivious to the solid waste crisis, but it is not impassioned about it either.

The Bureau of Solid Waste Management at HEW last June issued an exhaustive 205-page study of the question, but like so many studies it appears to have disappeared into the bottomless barrel of government. The report got some brief press notices, but nothing so major as to jar public apathy or spur a well-placed legislator to make the crisis a cause of his own.

Which is a pity, really, for the report broaches the sort of ideas that warrant consideration if the solid waste problem is ever to be met—ideas such as incentive and subsidy plans promoting waste-reclaiming processes; a use tax and/or deterrent tax on packaging; and, not to be minimized, the educating of the consumer on efficient disposal procedures.

(Ninety-eight percent of the space in a heap of tin cans is air within and between empty cans. If housewives flattened tin cans before throwing them away, they could materially reduce their mountain of trash. Same, if they crushed no-deposit bottles before discarding them. Better still, let them spurn no-deposit bottles in favor of returnables.)

The Bureau of Solid Waste Management curiously undercuts many of its proposals in a final, afterthought section labeled "Barriers to Action." But even the bureau's own negativeness (which is probably a political backstop more than anything else) should not be allowed to defeat the report.

"The Role of Packaging in Solid Waste Management 1966 to 1976" is one of the most important environmental studies of the year. It merits rescuing.

Cooling Helder Camara

Vatican denials of the silencing of Brazil's Helder Camara are discounted by Latinamerican Press, English-language news service out of Peru.

"The murder of Archbishop Camara's student liaison aide, Father Henrique Pereira Neto, [*Commonweal*, 7/25/69] has been interpreted as a warning to Vatican officials that the progressive prelate must be silenced if his death is to be prevented," according to LP.

LP sees Helder Camara's assassination as a real possibility ("he has been marked for death by a right-wing para-military terrorist group"), and accordingly views the Vatican action benignly. The silencing is not the usual case of Vatican censoring of unpleasant truths, LP notes. The primary concern is for Helder Camara's safety.

Demands of structural socio-economic reforms and for the full participation of the people in the determination of their future have placed the maverick archbishop in solid conflict with Brazilian practice of repressing dissent and ruling by decree. His situation under the new military triumvirate is expected to be no better than it was under Costa e Silva.

LP warns of a "backlash of counter-violence" if violence is visited upon Helder Camara. One consequence, it predicts, will be to "make the conservative position of the majority of Brazilian churchmen morally untenable."

"I don't like the look of this . . ?"

Quotes of the Week

—Mae West on the braless society: "It's not a very uplifting subject. I would have to categorize it with false teeth—those who need them wear them and those who don't, don't."

—Msgr. Charles Owen Rice on Pittsburgh's contentious white labor force: "They're just normal American bigots."

—Father Joseph Connolly on the non-swingers at Liturgical Week's swinging eucharistic ceremony: "Stiff-assed honkies."

—The *Chicago Daily News* gremlins on the saviors of the nation: "Like the CIA, the Green Berets are an offshoot of the Office of Strategic Services—an unconventional welfare group that saw action behind enemy lines during World War II." JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Tempest at Notre Dame

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: The review of Neil McCluskey's *Catholic Education Faces Its Future* by Robert Hassenger, in the Aug. 8 *Commonweal*, amazes me. Certainly the book has its flaws and shortcomings, some of which Hassenger refers to and sneers at as he pushes the reality of the book aside to strike out at its author. Moreover, there is an area described by the nebulous conventions of book reviewing for *ad hominem* criticism, but the appropriate instrument for such cuts is a finely-honed razor not a blunted ax, and such criticism is usually woven into a body of substantial and factual review work. Hassenger chose the ax for a frontal assault on McCluskey, while the book under review became an occasion for some snappy one-liners and inane gossiping. Some important issues and ideas generated by McCluskey's book went begging because the exclusive focus never widened beyond the personal.

Unfortunately, Hassenger felt such a crude, unbalanced review was called for. Surprising, and even more unfortunate, was *Commonweal*'s participation in the attack. GREGORY M. HOLTZ

Reply

After re-reading the review, in light of Mr. Holtz's letter, the only thing that I should care to change is that Father McCluskey's seminar at Union Theological Seminary took place in 1968, and not 1969.

It is difficult for me to understand why the review could be construed as a personal attack. If Mr. Holtz has reasons to think the review an *ad hominem* one—as he well might, for he knows (indeed, works for) Father McCluskey, and the reviewer as well—

(Continued on page 572)

NEWS & VIEWS 554 **CORRESPONDENCE: 555**
EDITORIALS: 555
ON THE ROAD TO BALI: *Tom Fox* **556**
IDENTITY CRISIS ON U.S. CAMPUSES: *Glenn Roberts* **557**
THE UNDERGROUND GI PRESS: *Joe Pilati* **559**
AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE: *Murray Polner* **560**
LAW AND ORDER ON THE CATHOLIC CAMPUS: *Joseph L. Walsh* **562**
BIG BROTHERS IN THE UN: *Betty Pilkington* **564**
US AGAINST THEM: *Philip Nobile* **566**
VERSE: *Sister Agnes Murphy Michael Cuddihy* **561**
BOOKS: **567**

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor* PHILIP NOBILE: *Assistant Editor*
MICHAEL NOVAK: *Associate Editor (At Large)* ANNE ROBERTSON. *Editorial Assistant*
GERALD WEALES: *Drama* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1969 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

THE ANACHRONISTIC WAR

What war? Johnson was dumped. Westmoreland was recalled. Bundy retreated. McNamara quit. And Clifford, Rusk and Rostow were carried out with their boots on.

North bombing has been halted. Peace talks go on. Troops withdraw. A War Crimes Trial even apportioned the guilt. But a funny thing happened on the way to parade's end—180 Americans were killed last week and 190 the week before and 244 the week before that and 7,300 since "Finest hour/ No more Vietnams" Nixon announced in his inaugural address that: "For the first time, because the people of the world want peace and the leaders of the world are afraid of war, the times are on the side of peace."

So the war lives beyond its time, scorching one nation's body and another's soul. When will Vietnam end? Assuming the prolongation of Hanoi's heroic resistance, Never. Not while Thieu refuses coalition or until Nixon refuses Thieu. Since neither politician is likely to do his promise in, it is going to be a longer, unlovelier involvement.

The hope of the hawks, now recognized as honorable withdrawalists, depends on the hopeless South Vietnamese Army. Unless these Asian boys get together and fight their own civil war, "Vietnamization" is mere corner-turning rhetoric. Thieu's big deal about the wording of the 25,000 U.S. troop departure—we were not "withdrawing," rather they were "replacing" —forces speculation on the next "replacement." Is there a timetable on either ally's side? A shred of a plan to cope with the North's staying power? If there is, Nixon has not made it clear. Instead we muddle through with this stinking war, knocking off a civilization and pouring forgotten American manhood into valleys of death.

The banality of Vietnam risks losses in the peace movement as well. All political and moral arguments have been spent. The responsibility of intellectuals has been exercised. Protestors languish in country jails and deserters are powerless in exile. Thinking negatively, what has the movement wrought save a President retired, a more peaceful candidate defeated, Nixon in the White House and what is now called the New Republican

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Majority? Despite several assaults on the Pentagon, the generals still have the ABM, the draft and their own political prisoners in stockade.

At this headless moment in American history, where can the nay-sayers go? Last summer it was bloody Chicago, last month stoned Woodstock. In the transition peacemaking may have lost its euphoria. We will see where we're at this autumn when the troops return to campus.

With the passing of DeGaulle and the softening of the Kremlin, criticism from foreign statesmen has all but disappeared, augmenting the moral inertia which attends most discussion of Vietnam. The SEATO people are afraid of their skins. Our NATO friends, who have never been wild about the war and who could make its waging mighty embarrassing for the U.S. if they were of that mind, are not geared for the doublecross. The neutrals have never been so unaligned. It is hardly in any nation's national interest to get in the way of our own. Even Russia, who is supplying the North Vietnamese, our enemy according to the traditional rules of combat, has ducked out.

In February of 1968, Premier Kosygin told the editors of *Life*: "You are waging a war against a socialist country, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. This is a country which is close to us. It is a country with whom we are fighting for the ideas and ideals of socialism and Communism. . . . For whose sake is the U.S. conducting this war? In the name of what is it killing so many men, women, children and old people?" Then he backed up these words with a threat: "The Soviet people cannot approve a policy developing friendship with the U.S. while American troops kill absolutely innocent people, conduct an illegal war and seize foreign territory." That was last year. The intervening months want for further denunciation. Of course, the invasion of Czechoslovakia and incidents with China have been major distractions, but what ever happened to socialist solidarity? The Kremlin used to bleed easily when a sister state was squeezed by the capitalist-imperialist axis. Now the Russian leadership is silent. The Rumanians are even waving the American flag.

Given the post-Johnson, post-bomb halt, and current peace-talk situation, resistance, which has brought us this far, is in a limbo of its own creation. The movement peaked so fast that it lost momentum and exhausted its emotional reserves. Yet it must regroup swiftly if protest is to retain political power.

"The war is simply an obscenity," writes Noam Chomsky, "a depraved act by weak and miserable men, including all of us, who have allowed it to go on and on with endless fury and destruction—all of us who would have remained silent had stability and order been secured."

Unless resistance continues, Chomsky's accusation fits precisely.

COMPANY A

An American unit in Vietnam has mutinied. Several years ago the Vietcong and North Vietnamese regularly broadcast reports of mutinies among U.S. troops, but without confirmation by less partial sources the broadcasts had to be considered propaganda. This time the story was the real thing.

The unit's mission apparantly was to recover the bodies of a battalion commander and seven other men killed in a helicopter crash. For five days "A" Company of the 3rd Battalion of the 169th Light Infantry Brigade had moved forward—and been thrown back with heavy casualties. Finally the troops simply refused to move. They seemed to know the possible consequences of their act, disobeying orders under fire. They didn't care.

It is curious how history looks upon mutinies. In 1917 French troops decided to turn down the honor of being cannon-fodder in the atrocious assaults which their superiors, ignorant of any intelligent way to conduct the war, launched across the trenches. In 1918 German sailors at Kiel mutinied rather than be sacrificed in a last-ditch, suicidal mission against the British fleet, meant to "save the honor" of the German navy. In the 1790's British sailors mutinied against the harsh conditions of

On the Road To Bali

Bali Island

It is difficult not to sense a bit of sadness with the recent opening of the Colonel Ngurah Rai International Airport here in Bali. It's now almost certain that this beautiful South Pacific island will not be spared the scourge of the dollar. The rush has already begun among the Oriental Airlines to tie the island of Bali with major Eastern, and in turn, Western world capitals.

Thai, Garuda, Philippine, and Quantas Airlines are now flying jets to Bali for the first time and negotiations are in process to bring in others, such as KLM, Japan and Pan American. The airport opening follows the completion of an ultramodern Japanese-built hotel, owned by the Indonesian government, with a 300-room capacity. The Bali Beach Hotel is only one of several preparing for what appears certain to be one of the biggest tourist booms in recent Asian history.

The fact is that the Indonesian government is in dire need of outside capital to reshape its broken economy. As one Balinese tourist official put it, "Bali has been sold for the sake of the nation." At opening

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naval life and discipline. The sympathy of history has almost always been with the mutineers, its opprobrium reserved for the disciplinarians who, by hanging, whipping, imprisonment or firing squad, tried to enforce whatever was the military code of the day. In retrospect the mutineers usually look like sensible human beings, reacting reasonably to an outrageous situation. Their leaders look like fanatics.

Mutineers of the past typically presented the most homely lists of grievances—gripes might be a better word for them. Bad food, miserable conditions, lack of equipment, unreasonable orders—the complaints of "A" Company ran along the same line. Beneath these most common of miseries, however, usually lay the sense that the troops were being ordered to waste their lives, to die for a cause which no longer made sense.

The revolt of "A" Company did not last long. A tough sergeant was flown in to talk to the men. He chided them for being cowards. He told them that another company had fought on despite the loss of all but 15 men—a lie, the sergeant later admitted. Their virility challenged, the troops slogged on. Maybe the incident is insignificant, merely the scenario for a future John Wayne movie. Or perhaps it is a fitting comment on the entire war, right down to the lie it took to get the soldiers moving again.

Identity Crisis On U.S. Campuses

The National Student Association's (NSA) congress at the University of Texas—El Paso offered dramatic proof that the growing split between white and black student activists has become the dominant concern of students. Issues such as Vietnam, the draft, drug laws, university involvement in the military and revitalization of national politics appeared to hold little interest for the 1,000 student government leaders who gathered at the generally liberal organization's annual meeting. But NSA was quick to take up the cry of institutional racism as a way of life in America following the riot commission report. Pre-occupied with the problem of racism, the students at the congress also seemed to be doomed to miserable failure everytime they tried to express their convictions or do anything about them.

At first, the black and Mexican-American students generally ignored the whites, meeting separately in a "third world conference." By the second week of the congress, however, the whites' bumbling attempts at ex-

ceremonies, President Suharto indicated his own mixed feelings saying, "Bali is not for tourists; rather, tourists are for Bali. This is a needed step in the modernization of our great nation."

Tourism is already at its high peak, according to NATOUR, the government-owned national tourist agency. It presently claims 100 tourists arriving weekly on this small island; within several months the number is expected to reach 600. With increased jet facilities it can only go up from there in the coming years.

Rich in vegetation and a cultural history which dates back to the great Hindu-Javanese kingdoms of over a millennium ago, Bali is unlike its neighboring Islands of Sumatra and Java which were converted to Islam during the fifteenth century. At that time the king of the East Javanese kingdom of Majapahit fled across the Bali straits where the spread of Islam was stopped after bitter fighting. The Dutch, too, found the Balinese difficult to control. Partly due to geographical location, partly due to the strength of its traditions, Bali was not colonized until 1908, over 300 years after the Dutch arrival in Indonesia.

Today the ceremonially rich Hindu-Javanese practices are celebrated as they were centuries ago. Blending religion in all aspects of daily life the Balinese have attained art forms of unequalled splendor.

The clash of gods is already a factor in the lives of the Balinese. Around the Balinese capital of Denpasar, artifacts are sold which once adorned its thousand temples. Prices are listed in U.S. dollars rather than the Indonesian rupiah. At a temple ceremony last week, an area was reserved for those carrying cameras. Some hungry tourists in search of better shots broke through the sacred temple gate without proper temple attire; others climbed the temple walls for better views. The Bali Beach hotel keeps lists of local religious ceremonies and provides limousine transportation to the wealthy watchers.

A village cremation saw over a score of foreigners, complete with plaid-colored Bermuda shorts and clicking cameras, watching the body burn. One American woman expressed her disappointment as the actual cremation played only a minor part in the ceremony.

Bali's strength rests in her ability to hold tenaciously to the past. As a result few Balinese seems to concern themselves with the outside world and its beliefs. One middle-aged man told me he had heard of the Apollo expedition to the moon. "I am afraid that if many men go to the moon," he said meekly, "They will block some of its light and the spirits will be displeased." He may or may not have been correct but one can only pray that Bali's gods will be spared.

TOM FOX

(*Tom Fox is traveling for* Commonweal *throughout Asia.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressing their commitment to an abolition of racism got the blacks so mad they closed down a plenary session, delaying the association's presidential elections.

NSA has always been an organization of vaguely liberal intellectuals, so when the showdown came, it was the black radicals versus the white liberals. Lacking white radicals of any sort, the organization quickly polarized.

"What do the blacks want?" a student was heard to ask as he left the abortive elections. "If we don't do anything they call us racists. And if we do anything, they say we are denying them their right to self determination."

The events leading up to the plenary take-over began when a group of white students decided to launch a campaign against a new El Paso one-cent sales tax. With a few constituentless Mexican-Americans for a front, the whites charged that the tax was oppressive, since it was not being used to relieve slum housing in the area. The students generally endorsed a program of witholding the one-cent tax. Critics who said the tax fight was essentially a false issue were ignored.

The El Paso city fathers, anxious to build an image of their town as a convention center, decided to unofficially waive the tax for students, and generally ignored the whole affair. The campaign was faltering, when four NSA students, including national vice-president Bill Shamblin of Alabama, refused to pay the tax and forced a confrontation at a local lunch counter. Shades of Greensboro. Eventually, the four were arrested and quickly released, charged with loitering. Plans to escalate the confrontation were abandoned, however, when the Mexican-Americans denounced the whole adventure as a stunt that robbed them of their right to "self-determination."

Similar misadventures ran throughout the congress. A year-old decision to seat only delegations from schools that had actively worked against racism was dropped at the first plenary session. Not surprisingly, the students were unable to agree on criteria and methods of judging each other.

COMING

ISIDORE SILVER discusses the probable shape of the Burger Court:

"Of course, courts do follow election returns, but not quite as quickly or unquestionably as the statement implies. It would be more accurate to aver that courts *may* follow what they perceive to be the underlying concerns of the electorate rather than the returns themselves. It is evident that courts follow other returns as well; judges want to achieve historical respect, the esteem of their brethren and the profession, and a reasonable amount of intellectual honesty as well."

Most of the blacks were furious at this move, with the exception of Clint Deveaux, a graduate of the State University of New York at Buffalo, who reached some national prominence as an early student worker in Al Lowenstein's drive to dump Lyndon Johnson. As a black running on a platform of "non-violent militant change," Deveaux was received enthusiastically by the whites, to whom he openly appealed, and generally ignored by the blacks. Some observers believe the election night take-over was, in part, a last-minute move to block Deveaux's election.

Deveaux was not warmly received by all the whites, however. Some saw him, probably correctly, as a front for Lowenstein, whose wheelings and dealings left many students distrustful. "Clint is our Charles Stenvig," a girl from Minnesota exclaimed as she described the political situation to a late-arrival. "All that business about non-violent change, why that's his code word for law and order." In the end the president chosen was Charles Palmer, white former student president of the University of California who hopes to establish "pragmatic" alliances between liberal and radical students on specific issues.

Perhaps the most interesting of all questions, however, was the original one. Why the preoccupation with racism as an issue? Surely, some outsiders asked, the draft is a concern to these students?

Sitting on the lawn in front of the plenary site (the University's combination gym and ROTC building), a University of Wisconsin student offered a convincing explanation: "Most of these kids are a year away from graduation, and the draft still seems a long way off. They're scared of the black students," he said. "Why? Well, a black can demand you join a strike. He can call you a racist, and close down the school. These are things kids have to live with every day on campus, and they are scared. Besides, blacks you see everyday, how often do you see the draft board?"

Unable to find a path for itself since the CIA disclosures of two years ago, NSA now seems further than ever from building any sort of coalition for political organizing, either locally or nationally. The organization faces a monumental debt, programming is virtually non-existent, and the membership is rapidly becoming more conservative as large urban universities are replaced with small mid-west colleges.

NSA has been useful in the past as a mirror of the mainstream of student attitudes and opinions. The impression from this year's congress, is that the average white student is confused and scared by the growing militancy of campus radicals. The average student must now chart a course between heavy doses of liberal guilt and fear of the radicals. GLENN ROBERTS

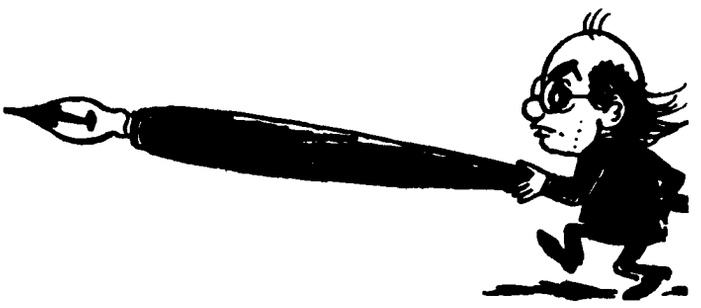
(Glenn Roberts, on the staff of the Raleigh Times, *is a former chairman of the NSA's National Supervisory Board.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNDERGROUND GI PRESS

Pens against the Pentagon

JOE PILATI



"You better not take one of those—that's a Commie paper from New York!"

"New York" issued as an agitated grunt from the crew-cut, bespectacled jewelry store owner, who resembled some Puritan preacher pronouncing the name of Sodom itself. For a second the businessman stood frozen on the sidewalk in Wrightstown, New Jersey, as he pointed an accusing finger at three GI's from nearby Fort Dix and three "movement people" from New York who were giving away copies of the "Commie paper." As the GI's stuffed the papers into their back-pockets, one of them flashed the "V" sign at the jeweler; he frowned and fretted some more about "draft dodgers," then gave up his crusade against Commies as the half-dozen heathen ambled up the street.

Although most of the off-base distribution of *Shakedown,* the paper which so distressed the jeweler, is handled by civilians, the bulk of the writing and layout is done by GI's. Soldiers who pass their copies around the barracks constantly run the risk of harassment from the brass, First Amendment prerogatives notwithstanding. But even if this were not the case, anti-war GI's and anti-war civilians alike feel that the burgeoning spirit of cooperation between them is healthy and appropriate. It manifests itself not only in the publication and distribution of newspapers, but also in the operation of coffee houses within walking distance of half a dozen Army bases around the country—places for quiet conversation and raucous rock music, where soldiers can sip five-cents-a-cup coffee and escape, if only momentarily, the brass breathing down their necks. Until about two years ago, civilian movement activists and GI's pretty much ignored one another; both the coffee houses and the papers have gone a long way toward breaking down barriers of mutual distrust and resentment. A gap within the much-touted "generation gap" has been at least partially bridged, and as one GI editor remarked recently, "When hundreds of GI's march in demonstrations against the war"—as hundreds did last fall and again this spring—"you can understand how uptight the brass are getting."

Shakedown is only a few issues old, but already more than 5,000 copies of each issue circulate at Dix and its adjoining installation, McGuire Air Force Base. Two other anti-war papers at Dix preceded it and then fell victim to what is becoming a common pattern: confinement and/or involuntary transfers of GI editors, drug busts, and all the other forms of subtle and not-so-subtle suppression in the officers' arsenal. The papers have a way of reappearing, phoenix-like, no matter how great are the efforts expended to channel the journalistic interests of GI's into the "safe" trenches of the *Army Times* and other semi-official organs.

The first anti-war GI paper, *The Bond,* was founded in Berkeley by a civilian, Bill Callison, nearly three years ago. Callison and his staff of civilians and soldiers raised circulation to about 1,000, at that time mainly on the West Coast, and then turned over the editorship to Pvt. Andy Stapp, best known to readers of *Esquire* and other mass-circulation magazines as the founder of the American Servicemen's Union, a would-be collective bargaining agent now boasting several thousand dues-paying members. (The issue of *Esquire* detailing Stapp's organizing drive was banned last fall from PX's at several bases, as

JOE PILATI *is on the news/features staff of* The Village Voice. *His first book,* Uniform Injustice, *dealing with GI dissent and military law, will be published early next year by Frederick A. Praeger.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been the case with other magazines which have sympathetically portrayed GI dissent.) At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Stapp was court-martialed three times—for refusing to open his footlocker during an inspection, for making an anti-war speech at the University of Oklahoma, and finally for trying to organize the ASU. Today, his dishonorable discharge hangs from the wall of the 10-by-12 cubicle in Manhattan where Stapp and his staff publish *The Bond* every month and keep in touch with ASU organizers. The paper is one of three such journals with a national circulation (the others are *The Ally*, published in Berkeley, and Chicago's *Vietnam GI.*) Its present circulation of more than 20,000 places it at the top of a heap of more than two dozen anti-war GI papers, most of them published and circulated by GI's at their own bases and therefore only locally notorious.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

Zapping a sailor-editor

These may be trying days for the Pentagon but let it never be said that it is incapable of counter-attacking its critics, especially if one of them happens to be an obscure sailor, the editor of an off-base newsletter. His name is Roger Priest, a Texan, whose life insurance policy has as its beneficiary the War Resisters League. He is also the editor of *OM The Liberation Newsletter,* a sometimes amateurish, occasionally acute but increasingly crude and harsh commentary on the men and strategies that brought us into Vietnam. On June 20th the Navy filed charges against Priest and unless he is offered a "deal," that is an undesirable discharge or the like, he will have the dubious distinction of becoming the first underground press service editor to be prosecuted for what he wrote.

His "crimes" include alleged solicitation of fellow servicemen to desert and refusal to print a disclaimer that *OM* was not an official publication. More significantly, Priest is charged with "disrespect" for General Earle Wheeler, Melvin Laird, and the inveterate war hawk and non-veteran, Mendel Rivers. His characterizations of them are sophomoric; he is far better when he dredges up juicy, better-to-be-forgotten quotations such as this one supposedly uttered by a famous American general: "I bet that the Russian is jealous as hell. Our troops are getting all this experience. . . . Any true professional wants to march to the sound of gunfire." Now that's satire.

In its past several issues *OM* has become even more insolent. To more traditional observers Priest's *ad hominem* arguments are usually the weakest, a fact that he seems to recognize but which he nonetheless waves away. He recently apologized for using obscenities such as "army, brass, lifer, war, kill, gun, Vietnam, stockade or brig, 'duty' and capitalism," terms he says he has to use so as to describe the obscene situation he finds himself in.

Nothing in his past suggests the rebel. His father clerks in a Houston post office and it was only the interminable drift of the war that led him to the edge of resentment. "I was anti-Vietnam before the service," he told a *Washington Post* reporter not long ago, "but when I was reclassified in my senior year at the University of Houston I said to my Dad, 'What do you think of my cutting out for Canada?' My Dad answered, 'I'd put that in the same category as being a queer.' " Still, he did move for a time to Luxemburg, but soon returned home and joined the Navy.

"When discipline goes, men die needlessly," was said recently by General Lewis Walt. But whose discipline and whose war? Roger Priest is stationed in Washington, D.C. behind a desk. It may be understandable for old-timers to equate minor-league criticism with battlefield insubordination but their response is too often chaotic escalation. Priest is expected to be charged under Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice (or the Uniform Code of Marsupial Justice to one GI "because the entire system is a kangaroo court"), the latitude of which is indicated by its claim as violations ". . . all disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and discipline in the armed forces, all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the armed forces." Hardly raw material for the Bill of Rights.

With all his severe expletives and angry epithets Roger Priest is only a mirror of our times. What shall we do with all those bitter young men whose lives and fortunes are at stake and who see in this miserable war not one single idea which they can grasp and be ready to die for? Shall we continue to drag them into the service? Shanghai them into infantry platoons in the Ashau Valley? Put them into prison? Drive them into exile? Has any American government ever treated its young so shamelessly? MURRAY POLNER

(Murray Polner teaches at Suffolk County Community College and is engaged in writing a book on the Vietnam veteran.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the best of the khaki muckrakers is *F.T.A.*, published at Fort Knox, Kentucky. *F.T.A.* translates its initials as "Fun, Travel, and Adventure," although most GI's are aware of a more pungent meaning which can be approximated as "Flog the Army." Orange day-glow *F.T.A.* stickers brighten many a jeep and many an officer's limousine (much to the officer's chagrin) at Knox and other bases. A typical issue of *F.T.A.* contains reports on dissent by soldiers around the globe ("A 40-year-old Negro major, saying he is fed up after 20 years of service, charged Sunday that the Army is a 'racist organization' that denies equality and justice to its Negro personnel . . ."); news of court cases ("Civil law suits have been entered against the Commanding Generals of Fort Knox and Fort Jackson . . ."); cartoons tending toward the wryly seditious and relentlessly scatological; and news and analysis of the war in Vietnam and American imperialism, much of it reprinted from civilian underground papers and the established liberal-radical press.

But the solidest material in most of the GI papers consists of letters from GI's overseas and particularly in Vietnam. Most of the correspondents request anonymity in print, for obvious reasons, but I have seen files of handwritten letters from "our boys in Vietnam" which leave no doubt as to their authenticity. One example, from *The Bond* for April 15, 1969:

"The only thing I can see that we have accomplished over there is to father a race of bastards, pour our money into the Vietnamese black market, and help establish prostitution as a thriving business. . . . You walk down the street and the people give you the finger and spit at you. It really makes you feel like the cause is worth dying for. . . . I think the most demoralizing thing is that it is not bad enough you have to fight a war you don't believe in or even condone, but the lifers (officers) have to try to tear you to pieces 24 hours a day."

The May, 1969, issue of *F.T.A.* confirms that conditions in stateside military stockades are at least equally humiliating. In the Fort Knox stockade, the paper reports: ". . . 630 men are now packed into a jail that was built to house 280. Rooms that were designed to hold 16 men now have 32 GI's squeezed into them. There was an inspection at the stockade in the beginning of April. Hundreds of prisoners were 'paroled' for the day so that the inhuman overcrowding wouldn't be noted as a gig. This shows what's really important to the brass. The next day, the prisoners were stuffed back into the stockade. The number and intensity of beatings at the jail has increased to alarming proportions. . ."

The very names of some of the GI papers reflect the ambivalent allegiance to a higher patriotism which many GI's feel: soldiers at Fort Campbell, Tennessee, publish *Flag-In-Action,* while a veterans' paper from Chicago dubs itself *Stars and Stripes for Peace*. In terms of political orientation, the papers run the gamut from Kennedy liberalism to revolutionary Marxism. But the common thread running through all of them is best shown in the informally "syndicated" material which papers reprint from each other in much the same fashion as the civilian underground press. One cartoon has now appeared in at least five papers from highly disparate GI sources. In the first panel, a GI turns to his buddy in a trench and asks, "Wanna hear a joke?" In the second panel is the punchline, the most bitter "joke" of all for hundreds of thousands of young Americans in uniform, and especially those in the swamps and jungles of Southeast Asia.

The joke is "the Paris peace talks."

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

SISTER AGNES MURPHY

AUDUBON'S HUMMINGBIRD: NOTE FOR A HISTORY OF GRATITUDE

It came to pass in Kentucky
on blue-grass ground
that a bird-catching spider
drew its web strand by strand
around a nectar-feeding hummingbird.

Close by the crepe myrtle
a bird-watcher
severed the deadly web with a deft hand
and freed the brilliant nectar-feeding bird
which then in mid-air turned
with natural, exquisite instinct to guide her
and brushed with recognition that good hand.

James John Audubon, the naturalist
recorded this that evening in his journal.

MICHAEL CUDDIHY

MUSE

My muse lives somewhere south of
here,
spending her days in
ways that continue to confuse me
no end.
Sometimes, when I feel the sun's rays
hot on my skin,
I wish I could be where
late in the morning
she washes her hair;
could dry it with the sun of my days
as the sun with the rose
and watch its gold fire
gleam and blaze in the noon of her eyes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAW AND ORDER ON THE CATHOLIC CAMPUS

JOSEPH L. WALSH

There is real irony in the response of the official Catholic establishment to the past year's upheavals on the nation's campuses. In a crisis that increasingly reveals itself to be at heart a search for moral guidance, the few public responses of "above-ground" Catholicism have been to call for the use of public power.

I refer to the widely publicized "hard-line" on demonstrators taken by Notre Dame's Father Hesburgh and the less widely known but even more juridical twelve guidelines for handling campus disorders that emanated from the John La Farge Institute's conference on campus unrest held last June under the direction of the Rev. Thurston Davis, S.J., former editor of *America* (*New York Times,* July 1, 1969). Although non-sectarian in make-up, the La Farge conference was funded by a grant from the Knights of Columbus and can be viewed, at least partially, as an occasion for bringing the Catholic conscience to bear on one of the nation's most troublesome social problems.

The results are not encouraging. In both the Hesburgh and the La Farge conference statements the dissident students are treated as criminal trespassers in buildings which, according to the professed rhetoric about the community of scholars, are already theirs. In both responses, the presence of a group of students in a university building (most often, in fact, an administrative one) is seen only as a threat to the "thin fabric" of university life. There is no hint that the sudden eruptions could serve as an occasion for a mutual commitment to previously buried problems or even as a possible experience for the professors and students in all the other buildings not under siege.

Ironically, it seems that just when many segments of the American conscience begin to recognize that "the university as a sanctuary for the free pursuit of truth" is a dogma that needs demythologizing, we find establishment Catholicism embracing it—and most willing to defend this spiritual value of our civilization with the police power of the state if necessary. For those who see many conflicts in the years ahead between dissidents and those upholding established "democratic norms and procedures," this eagerness of moderate Catholic opinion-makers to revert to the secular arm is not heartening.

It is, of course, easy enough as an outsider to be critical of over-reacting university administrators who, under the glare of television cameras and ubiquitous interviewers, perceive themselves to be in battle. But sympathy for the plight of the harassed should not blind us to the opportunity that the present upheavals are presenting to those institutions, including Catholic ones, that profess primary concern for moral issues.

In a special survey of American college students, *Fortune* (January, 1969) reported that at least 40 percent of American university students are dissatisfied with the careers offered them in American society and are seeking a life combining moral purpose with the pursuit of a livelihood. Even if we allow for some exaggeration in the 40 percent figure, it is clear that a small minority of students whose protests are primarily political can draw a vast reservoir of unsatisfied desires in the student body as a whole when the proper occasion emerges. The *Fortune* survey locates a major portion of that dissatisfaction in the desire of today's best students to find shape and content for their deeply felt moral impulses.

Even short of this altruistic, outward dimension, there is a deep hunger on the part of great numbers of students to understand the conflicting forces they feel within themselves of violence and gentleness, of purposefulness and pleasure. Father Andrew Greeley in a perceptive report on new manifestations of religion on campus (*New York Times Magazine,* June 1, 1969) has described the most bizarre forms of what is in fact a very widespread search for personal moral meaning, a movement in which Buddha rather than Che is the central figure.

This emphasis on the personal and moral dimension is not meant in any way to diminish the political significance of the student movement. Indeed, it may be that for the long-range direction of the society, the anti-war, anti-imperialist protests of the students and the coming to political consciousness of black student leadership is the most significant thing that happened in America in the 1960s, on campus or off. And if John McDermott (*New York Review of Books*, July 31, 1969) is correct in interpreting student unrest as the young's resistance to being made into the proletariat of the new in-

JOSEPH L. WALSH *is on the staff of The Church Society for College Work in Massachusetts and a student of the history of recent social and political thought at Brandeis.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dustrial revolution—where brains replace brawn as the source of wealth and production—then strains in our social fabric are manifesting themselves which cannot be adequately coped with in the classroom or in any primarily educational context.

But whatever may be the long-range implications of these political questions for education and society as a whole, there is no doubt that the current situation also presents an important educational opportunity right now. For there is much that *Fortune*'s 40 percent want to know. They want to know, for instance, why men make war and how it could be avoided, whether men are naturally aggressive or loving. They want to know what happens for good and bad in other cultures where drugs are commonly used. They want to know whether becoming a scientist is more likely to lead to further destruction or the betterment of mankind. Most of all they want to know if and how people can work in the bureaucratic structures of government and education and preserve their integrity. There are of course no "answers" to questions like these, but working at such questions together is what constitutes "giving" a relevant education in our society.

The "Professional" Approach

University professors, however, even the best, will counter that these wide-ranging, "macro" questions, however interesting and even crucial, are outside their field. They call them "lay," as distinct from professional, questions, to be dealt with perhaps in popular magazines, adult education courses, radio talk programs and maybe even churches, but not by them in university classrooms. As these professors see it, they are professionals who get paid to share in the classroom the firm, albeit limited, conclusions and methods arrived at in their professional field with young people who can be presumed to be there because they wish to have this professional and scientific training.

This defense of university professionalism, whatever its merits, overlooks one major fact. All American universities are also colleges, i.e., places not just for the training of professionals but also for the development of persons. In their important study, *The Academic Revolution,* David Riesman and Christopher Jencks document the completion of the first academic revolution in which the academic professionals overcame the narrow moralism of denominational colleges and turned them into universities hospitable to the pursuit of their professional researches. They show how the collegiate function, which we may describe as the introduction of inquiring and idealistic young minds to the acquired wisdom of their elders, has all but been swallowed up in today's university, large or small, Catholic or otherwise. One possible way of looking at the current student upheavals, then, is to see them as painful birth pangs of a third stage in American higher education in which the collegiate function and the professionalism of the first two phases would be combined.

It is of course obvious that any restored collegiate function today will have to differ in many respects from its eighteenth century counterpart. Today there is no inherited body of cultural knowledge which the elders can be presumed to hand on—professional research in all areas has revealed to us the complex and partial content of all that we know. In today's college then both teachers and students will have to be learners, equals in an examination of the "macro" questions to which there are no fixed answers in the scientific sense. The drive by students today to shape the curriculum and even hire teachers is based on an awareness of this condition. They know that in shaping the questions to be studied their experience is a necessary component.

They also know, however, that their own experience is not enough. If restive students are distrustful of professionalism as dehumanizing, they are not enamored of amateurism. They still want generally for their life to make a difference. If they rebel against the credentialing tyranny of the meritocratic society, they also want to get the knowledge and the influence to change it. The *Fortune* survey shows that between the small minority of students who drop out (politically or culturally) and the majority who just go along, there is a sizable minority looking for help. Present-day education is not working for them because it has operated until now with generally only two models of its students: preconscious children for whose lack of awareness that of the professor (in lectures and books) had to be substituted, or, on the upper and graduate levels, would-be apprentices with their troublesome questions of identity and morality already worked out and carefully compartmentalized. What TV, other media, drugs and repressive institutionalized high schools have produced, however, is something quite distinct, a generation surfeited with questions whose greatest need is an atmosphere where the painful process of sorting them out is supported and *shared*.

A proper institutional response to this need requires a delicate balance. Something more than the "do your own thing" individualism that created Antioch, Bennington or Goddard a generation or two ago is needed, and the narcissism of rural educational utopias must also be avoided. An informal residential collegiate experience, flexible as to duration and requirements, within the ambience of a large urban university, would seem to offer the best hope. Here, Fordham University's fledgling Bensalem College gives promise of being a creative answer. For the other Catholic universities in America's big cities, seeking in many cases to discover a unique reason for being, performing a similar and expanded service to a troubled and turbulent generation would seem to be a natural.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG BROTHERS IN THE UN

Putting the squeeze on the small powers

BETTY PILKINGTON

The independence wave that swept across Africa in the very early sixties gave the anti-colonial crusade of the Afro-Asian states a visible new momentum, and a fresh idealism invaded the United Nations as a whole. Indeed, in those first few years, the non-aligned vote was pivotal on a host of issues in the General Assembly. But the Assembly only "recommends," and in the Security Council, where the power lies, the tough residual problems of Southern Africa remained—and still remain—victim of a Western block-Russian stand-off.

East-West division on the Council has been cited *ad nauseam* as cause of the UN's general ineffectiveness. Still, as early as 1964 there was evidence that in the wake of the nuclear balance the real threat to the UN, and to the small states most needing it, was no longer Big Power division but Big Power concurrence, the kind of concurrence inherent in the US-Soviet détente.

Friction between China and the Soviet Union had peaked by then. Since Sino-American relations were likewise unpropitious, the two superpowers, by moving toward each other, secured an upper hand in the triangular power-play.

Within the UN, each began to show the other greater restraint on the big issues. Later, even on Vietnam and Czechoslovakia, they either openly or covertly joined forces wherever their own power interests seemed even mildly threatened. At the same time both avoided arousing undue suspicion by indulging in the "luxury of a few minor disputes," as a former Mauritanian Ambassador once put it.

In the spring of 1964, at the UN's first Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD), in Geneva, the countries of Africa, Asia (including the Arab states) and Latin America—known as the "77"—achieved on paper what they regarded as landmark gains, and in their desperate effort to "stay together" even survived a US attempt to split off the Latins.

Washington despised the Conference, both in idea and performance; Moscow too had shown little of its normal initiative. Neither was in the mood to accept the notion, as they had begun to see it, that small powers should by their very numbers be able to tell big powers what to do.

BETTY PILKINGTON *is UN correspondent for radio station WBAI in New York.*

Meantime, the Soviet Union had been *publicly* insisting that her UN "arrears" (and those of certain others) were not in the area of "regular contributions." The United States *publicly* maintained that they were and that the Russians (and others) must hereby lose their Assembly vote (Fall, '64). Moreover, both quietly passed the word around that a direct East-West confrontation on this could "destroy" the UN. *Privately*, however, the two giants drew up plans for a voteless Assembly, thereby sparing the USSR the embarrassment of facing a challenge and rescuing the United States, after all that protest, from the awkwardness of not leveling it.

Eventually the representative of Albania, a small country, ironically outside the regular groupings, finally unmasked the hollowness of the no-vote ploy at a carry-over meeting of the 19th Assembly by forcing a vote, unhappily not on what he had asked for—the resumption of normal procedures—but, by the President's juggling, on a challenge to a ruling of the Chair, a bid which never draws support, because UN delegates like U.S. Senators are loath to offend a colleague.

This tactic of twisting a routine motion into a challenge of a ruling has become a useful tool for the Big Powers, especially the Americans, who have always had enormous influence on the Presidency; and it may have been the decisive factor last December in the non-aligned failure to suspend South Africa from UNCTAD "until it shall have terminated its policy of racial discrimination."

The Afro-Asians, with Latin American help, had won in the preliminary (Committee) tally, which is normally duplicated a day or so later in the plenary. But the Western powers took ten days to politick and then defeated the small states by obliging the Assembly to vote not on the proposal that a ⅔ majority was necessary (which the non-aligned say they could have won) but on the *President's ruling* that it was.

That time the Soviet Union did not openly join in the maneuver but had her own reasons for abstaining on the vote. As in the case of the hands-tied 19th Assembly, the super-strong seemed to be saying to the weak, "You may have the numbers, the votes, but we have the power."

The message in fact was the same, but better cushioned, in the sorry finale of a bold first move (1967) by Malta's Ambassador Pardo toward some kind of equitable sharing of the resources of the sea, especially for the benefit of the developing countries, who have neither

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

funds nor know-how. Yet the two giants have both managed to press through a resolution calling for a committee, a broad study, etc., all of which ran precisely counter to Malta's appeal for speed, lest first-come-first-served interests be allowed to prevail.

It was over resources again (this time, money) that there emerged only a few weeks ago, in the Committee on Program and Coordination, a highly visible concurrence between the superpowers—the UK and France too. All fell to nit-picking, lamenting the form of the report, the appointment of ten people to a development agency, etc. The representative of Tanzania counterattacked, citing "premeditated collusion" among the great powers. The USSR replied, charging him with indulging in "unfounded accusations and slander against the Soviet Union," a formulation that always used to be reserved for the United States.

The exchange itself was unimportant, but the mood and the inferences were demoralizing. The small states had a foretaste of Big Power arrogance during debate a year ago on the non-proliferation treaty, whose authors, the U.S. and the USSR, sought heavy one-way concessions from everyone outside the nuclear club.

And now these same outsiders are being told that the only two candidates for enlargement of the Disarmament Committee on which the Co-Chairmen (U.S. and USSR) can agree are Japan (coming in under the U.S.) and Mongolia (under the USSR). Gone for the moment is the delicate balance of the formula so painfully hammered out in 1961—5 East, 5 West, and 8 nonaligned—but that, as the Afro-Asians will remind you, was before the two giants had reached some kind of "agreement" on their special spheres of interest.

With power now so strongly polarized the small nations are becoming more and more resigned to seeing themselves at the mercy of the U.S.-USSR non-confrontation pact, politically written within the UN at least, and economically over-all. Their frustrations inside the world body are of course not fatal as diplomatic phenomena—though damaging to the UN itself—but they are tragic reflections of what is taking place within their own countries. And few, if any, delegations see any means of reversing the trend.

AN APPEAL: Bishop Luna of Guatemala seeks funds for his medical program for women, children and the aged in the diocese of Zacapa. "It is inconceivable to think of a person's dying today of a simple malady—with the availability of so many miracle drugs, antibiotics and the like. . . . We have established clinics, and we try to attend to all. Yet we do not have enough clinics, nor enough nurses or doctors. . . . My people and my priests are doing all they can, to a heroic degree; yet it is not enough . . ." Readers should send contributions to: Most Rev. Constantine Luna, Obispado—Zacapa, Guatemala.

Commonweal This Fall

Has the withdrawal of 25,000 American troops from Vietnam meant substantial deescalation, and greater willingness to negotiate, or was it actually a gesture intended to quiet growing demands of the electorate for peace? Can the Administration's insistence on the ABM system and MIRV development help negotiations, with the Soviet Union on weapons control, or will they set off instead a new spiral in the fearful thermonuclear arms race? How about North Ireland, Czechoslovakia, the embattled Middle East? What is the bearing of the question of authority on the chances for renewal in the Church? Each issue of *Commonweal* provides insights on just such questions.

Commonweal brings to its readers the views of such writers of eminence in their respective fields, as: Harvey Cox, Gerald Weales, Frederick Franck, Steven V. Roberts, William Pfaff, Doris Grumbach, Michael Novak, Leonard J. Berry, Jordan Bishop, Robert Kuttner, Joseph Page, Leonard Kriegel, Robert McAfee Brown, Philip T. Hartung, Alain Woodrow, Wilson C. McWilliams, Frank Getlein, Gordon Zahn and Leslie Dewart.

In addition, *Commonweal* regularly provides perceptive reviews of current books by such competent and readable critics as: John Cort, Martin Tucker, William McBrien, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, John L. McKenzie, Michael Zeik, Jaroslav Pelikan, Michael Harrington, Saul Maloff, David Burrell, Paul Hanly Furfey, Anne Fremantle, Christopher Norwood, Anselm Atkins, Irving Malin, Daniel C. Maguire, Bernard Murchland, Harry J. McSorley and Wallace Fowlie.

Keep posted in depth this fall on the issues of the day by mailing in the coupon for a reduced-rate introductory subscription.

Order a Trial Subscription

20 Issues for $3

COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

Please send the next 20 issues to:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

9/19/69

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

US AGAINST THEM

A quarterly manifesto

PHILIP NOBILE

US is youth's answer to *New American Review,* that is, a second generation "paperback magazine." Edited by mere lad Richard Goldstein, pre-eminent keeper of pop culture and author of *The Poetry of Rock, US* weighs in like a veritable house organ of the hard core under-thirty axis. If indeed, "American youth is trying to tell us something important," as *Fortune* verifies in its own paperback, *Youth In Turmoil,* this must be the place.

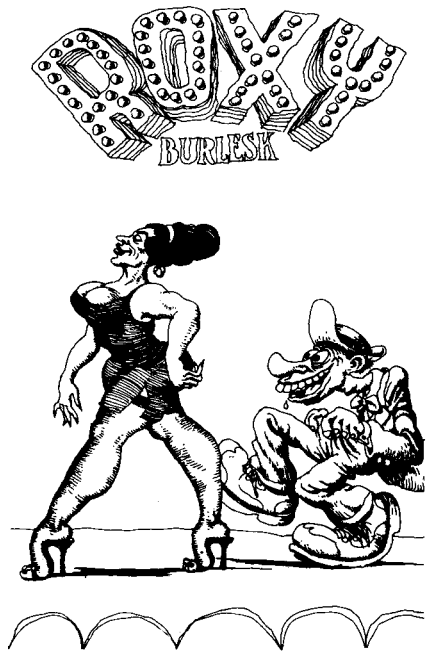
Well, it is and it isn't. *US* strokes the image and likeness of *jeunesse* more than it assaults the inherited wisdom of American mankind. After all, this is the era of negotiation, not confrontation. So whatever counter-culturing is done, *US* kisses off the overt.

Goldstein exempts himself from the trend with his introductory "First Some Nifty Verse," a search-and-destroy poetic of generational rage. Keen quatrain ambushes against the things that made this nation great ("Daddy said 'Television's a miracle,' and I looked up from the Western I was watching long enough to ask, 'What's a miracle?' "), tell *Fortune* editors a thing or two important about the constituency of *US.* "We are the disloyal opposition/slaves of the sixties and/masters of the millennium/the interim dream," shouts Goldstein.

After this momentary uninaugural rise in decibel, the magazine unleashes less detectable MIRV's (multiple independently-twitting readjusted voices). First over the horizon is James Simon Kunen's "The Great Rocketship." You will recall Mr. Simon as the drafter of *The Strawberry Statement*—a true-life tale of the Columbia uprising. Well, he's back again with the same witty acupuncture, this time lampooning last December's Apollo moonshot. Some quotables: "This country would never think of sending some poet up. It's intent on banging squares into round orbits." ". . . a drawing showing the placement of biomedical sensors on a naked astronaut completely omits his phallus. Perhaps it was deemed insignificant beside the 363 foot rocket." At a televised press conference he "felt the urge to give the world the finger" and ask Dr. von Braun, "How do the working conditions at Cape Kennedy compare to those in Nazi Germany where you developed the V-2 robot bomb for use against the British civilian population?" With this rookie Kunen on deck, for what do we need Mailer rapping on Apollo 11?

The Fifties are what kids today have instead of nostalgia. The period Ubermensch was, of course, James Dean, now over-reminisced as a metaphor. When Michael Lydon remembers high school, then, it is rampaging Nebraskan killer Charlie Starkweather who *geists* the *Zeit.* A run of sloppy existential ardor louses up the memoir. Lydon's all right until he goes Sartrean with passages like the following: "I know that the adult world murdered Charlie to preserve its own fantasy or order as thoughtlessly as he murdered them in his fantasy of escape. And his rebellion is more attractive than their repression. Yet I can't get back to where I was at 15. I can dig the painful cry of 'I am!,' but the slaughter stops me and baffles me."

Craig Karpel sculpts a really splendid profile entitled "Dwight David: The Once and Future Eisenhower." Yes, all America's grandson is the gee-whiz Jack Armstrong you always thought he was. The attendant hyperdulia, according to Karpel, "suggests that we have not yet, as a nation, tested the limits of our capacity to be inspired by the ordinary." But there he is, "like the girl in the



A slice of underground cartoon life lifted from Robert Crumb's US *portfolio entitled "Spread."*

Breck shampoo ads, [. . .] outdated by a decade, an anachronism without a cause." Precisely, Craig.

If you do not reckon salvation through sensitivity, you probably won't go to the well with Michael Thomas' "Advertisements for the Living Theatre." For an anemic critic, Williams is a hyper-thyroid convert. "If there's a way to change it [Western civ], I don't believe it's by setting fire to it, or shooting it up, or tearing it down, but by joining the Living Theatre." This is the model, he testifies, "[for] living in opposition to the plague. . . ."

Let me make one thing clear. Local talent abounds in *US.* Some silliness creeps in under the cover of exuberance—occasional paragraphs of bad vibrations, a Tom Wolfish boxing article, a graphic here, a poem there, and layout all over the joint. But let there be no mistake about it, *US* is full up to here. Two pieces especially display that "extra dimension" brought on by the arrival of Spiro "Fred" Agnew.

Read "The Baptism of Brandeis U" and see a university co-opted before one undergraduate's very eyes. Jon Landau directs a mournful *j'accuse* at Brandeis for giving up the ghost of its Judaeo-European critical view of learning for the joy of melting into the open pot of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American professionalization. He despairs the passing of Marcuse's engaged scholarship and the intellectual involvement once communicated by a beautiful art historian named Leo Bronstein. "Baptism" is a lament for a Jewish university that wouldn't be "a bit more Jewish."

Sally Grimes reports for the *Philadelphia Bulletin* where she one time subbed as an obituary writer. Whence "Obit"—an autobiographical stream of conscious fantasy, humor and pathos. Sally's story bounces around from her weird labor to flashbacks of an unloved, dead and dying grandmother to an episodic romance with Dennis, the copyboy, whom she must kill off at the end of the tale according to instructions from "Ralph down the street." But Dennis, a little low on the smarts, is too nice a guy for curtains. Sally remembers in the nick of time that the *Bulletin* doesn't run obits on teenagers. She telephones Ralph to that effect and Dennis is saved. Sally then takes the bus home. " 'Hey, aren't you going to say hello?' the driver asks." Our girl didn't recognize the black busman for want of his braid, a recent victim of Transit intransigence. She sympathizes. " 'This is it,' he opens the door."

" 'Peace, sister,' he says."

" 'Peace'."

(US: *A Paperback Magazine edited by Richard Goldstein. Bantam, $1.*)

BOOKS

The tantalizing two-way mirrors of Graham Greene

Collected Essays

GRAHAM GREENE

Viking, $7.95

NORA L. MAGID

The principle of selection in this reissue of *Collected Essays* is, according to Graham Greene, the inclusion of "nothing of which I can say that, if I were writing today, I would write in a different sense. . . . A man should be judged by his enmities, as well as by his friendships." Covering almost forty years, the friendships—literary, political, and theological—are varied; boyhood books, frequently also mentioned in his own novels and journals, are recollected in detail, and adult books are reviewed with the perceptions of a man who reads as well as he writes. Since Greene is free of certain kinds of dogma, sympathetic profiles of Fidel Castro and Ho Chi Minh should come as no surprise, and since his assumption of paradox is easy, he speaks comfortably of Kim Philby (in terms of convention a sinner) and uncomfortably of Simone Weil (a possible saint).

The most intense enmity involves a horror of a talking dog that barks out such priggeries as "To me, learning is a great happiness," is cosy with *Hamlet*, and indulges in spasms of sly diocesan lumpen humor. "Conversations with Kurwenal were quite as protracted as Conversations with Eckermann," and Greene in this funny piece pegged to a Psychic Press volume called *When Your Animal Dies* (Kurwenal's posthumous yaps are not recorded) disposes of penchants and pedantries which irk him. Similarly, a slightly more forced article on pigs is the occasion for amusing generalizations about Englishmen and Americans.

In another merciless portrait, L. B. Mayer is shown entertaining a group of actors and authors at lunch. His "words fall on the mercenary gathering with apostolic seriousness . . . . the voice of American capital itself: a touch of religion, a touch of the family, the mixture goes smoothly down. . . . The writers, a little stuffed and a little boozed, lean back and dream of the hundred pounds a week—and all that's asked in return the dried imagination and the dead pen." (One remembers here Greene's reaction to his first experience with American ballyhoo, when a movie was made of *Orient Express,* and he found himself as he reported later in *Journey without Maps* caught between exasperation and wonder.)

The essay on Beatrix Potter, written in 1933, antedates both *The Pooh Perplex* and the release of Miss Potter's own diary, and though the method is deadpan playful, the aim is accurate. Miss Potter, who has admitted to her own lack of sentimentality, and to her difficulty in depicting human beings took, as Greene indicates in a footnote, umbrage at his facetious analysis, and dispatched a tart note decrying the Freudian School of criticism.

The above three appeared in the original *The Lost Childhood and other Essays* (1952). The current volume represents an expansion. In an interview with V. S. Naipaul last year, Greene spoke of his intention to purge as well as to add, but little has been removed, and the number of snippets has virtually doubled. To no particular purpose, the order has been shifted, and since this time round the essays are given their dates, a straight chronological sequence might have been preferable to an organization that seems only roughly topical. There is one unfortunate excision. In the Personal Postscript section, "The Soupsweet Land" has been substituted for "The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard." The reason might be copyright complication, or it might be personal, or perhaps Greene is incorporating the material into the autobiography on which he is said to be embarked; but this is such a peculiarly fascinating and revealing piece that its omission is a loss. It confirms the point of the Personal Prologue (identical in both editions) on the ef-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fect of childhood reading; and it explains the incident which when he was an adolescent occasioned his psychoanalysis. It also spells out the early flypaper attraction of boredom, despair and seediness. Ideally, the two essays should be read together. "Soupsweet" in turn expands other materials, for instance a brief anecdote in *In Search of a Character*. One of the tantalizing things about Greene—a curiously elusive fellow—is the way in which he himself from time to time surfaces in everything he writes. These are quicksilver flashes, and for the reader the details of an event are cumulative, and may span many years, many books.

The appreciations, in the main introductions to the books of others, are graceful, substantial, and understanding of intention and of technique. The reviews (one works here on the assumption that the books were his own choices, not those of an editor) are mixed, usually generous, sometimes angry. (Greene is good on the deficiencies of certain popular authors: most of his own characters read, and it is of course no coincidence that Louise, Scobie's impossible wife, calls him Ticki and admires Virginia Woolf.)

Ostensible topic aside, certain themes are constant: the fascination with maps and with unmapped territory (this includes "the regions of the Mind,") the relation of success and failure to vocation, the flukes that determine human choice, the roots which nourish or throttle creativity. Particular interests are the influence of childhood (from which some authors never graduate) and the ironies of achievement. Greene recalls how his own response to adventure stories led simultaneously to a stance and to a profession. "One had lived for fourteen years in a wild jungle country without a map, but now the paths had been traced and naturally one had to follow them . . . . religion might later explain it to me in other terms, but the pattern was already there—perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures that after all in the end justice is done." He reminds us of Conrad, Stevenson and James, and "the strange accidents that seem to decide not only that this child shall be a writer but what kind of a writer this child shall be." And he is attracted to men like Henry James who know (with the "bitter precision" of, say, a Querry, a Scobie) that there are no happy endings.

The Question of God

HEINZ ZAHRNT

Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.75

JOHN S. DUNNE

A history of Christian theology in the twentieth century can look very much like a history of pagan theology in the last days of the Roman empire. The modern theologian writing after the "death of God" can seem like Sallustius who wrote his treatise "On the Gods and the World" when the Greek and Roman gods were already dead or dying. When religion is dead, the style of theology becomes academic; it becomes a search for surrogates, things which are still real to men and can be used as explanations and substitutes for the unreal gods.

The academic theology of ancient times found three kinds of explanation: the "physical," the "moral," and the "historical." The gods could be equated with the physical powers of nature, with the moral qualities of human beings, or with historical men and women who were divinized by tradition after their death. Modern theology has also found different kinds of explanation: the historical, the ethical, the mystical, the eschatological, and the existential. God can be equated with a force in history, an ethical ideal, a mystical experience, an eschatological goal, or the object of an existential relationship.

In *The Question of God*, subtitled "Protestant Theology in the Twentieth Century," Heinz Zahrnt has made the theological problems of the twentieth century look like live issues. The difference between dead and live theology can be seen by comparing Sallustius with his younger contemporary Augustine. The same philosophical trend, Neoplatonism, prevails in both theologies, but Augustine works out of a live religion whereas Sallustius works out of a dead one. The German Protestant theologians with whom Zahrnt is concerned are all influenced in one degree or another by one same philosophical movement, Existentialism. The question is whether the religion out of which they are working is live or dead. My impression, from reading Zahrnt and from reading the theologians themselves, is that there is a bit of Sallustius and a bit of Augustine in each one of them. There is something dead and something live in each of their theologies.

The dead element in each theologian is the thing which substitutes for live experience in his theology, the thing which fills in where direct experience is lacking. In Barth this may be orthodoxy; in Bultmann scholarship; in Tillich philosophy. Zahrnt considers these three the chief Protestant theologians of the twentieth century, though he has something to criticize in each of them. His criticism very consistently strikes the dead elements. He speaks of the "unhistorical" character of Barth's theology and says that it becomes a "monologue in heaven." I think that Barth's theology becomes this only at points where Barth is filling the gaps. Zahrnt speaks like Jaspers of the "sullen rigidity" which he finds in Bultmann's theology. Here too, I believe, it is only in the gaps that the deadness exists. Zahrnt has little to criticize in Tillich and, in fact, ends with Tillich as though this theology were the best fruit of the twentieth century. Yet Tillich, as he points out, has failed to make ardent disciples and to create a school of thought. I have noticed that students are often initially enthusiastic about Tillich but then abandon him because in his thought the opposites are balanced so well that there is no movement and nowhere to go.

The live element in each theologian is his direct experience and his reflections upon it. This experience, as Zahrnt somewhat cautiously suggests, is that of the two world wars. The sense of "crisis" in Barth's early theology, the felt need to "demythologize" in Bultmann's, the feeling of standing "on the boundary" in Tillich's are all connected,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheed & Ward

New vistas in religious and secular thought

RELIGION IN THE YEAR 2000

by ANDREW M. GREELEY

The priest-sociologist who wrote *The Crucible of Change* forecasts the future of theology, the liturgy, the clergy and the laity in the United States. His predictions will startle many, fascinate all. $4.95

THE SOCIAL STUDIES

Myths and Realities

by DAVID F. KELLUM

"One of the most significant books on teaching the social studies to appear in a long time."—ALICE L. FOLEY, Assistant Superintendent, Brighton Schools, Rochester, N.Y. "Recommended and worthy of lay attention." —*Library Journal.* Library Edition, $5.00. SEARCH Paperback, $2.45

TIME AND TIMELINESS

by HENRI MARROU

A noted scholar's reflections on the role of the historian, historical purpose and change from a Christian viewpoint. "Very moving . . . manifestly the mature fruit of many years of experience and meditation . . . I have found myself agreeing wholeheartedly with his conception of Man's situation."—ARNOLD TOYNBEE. $5.00

Announcing SEARCH Paperbacks

In the vanguard of the quest for values

PLEASE TOUCH
By EDWIN M. MCMAHON and PETER A. CAMPBELL. In text and pictures a celebration of the religious experience. A SEARCH Original. *October.* $2.95

BLACK MANIFESTO
Religion, Racism and Reparations
Edited by ROBERT S. LECKY and H. ELLIOTT WRIGHT. A survey of the reparations-from-the-churches movement led by James Forman. A SEARCH Original. *October.* Prob. $1.95 Cloth, Prob. $5.00

DISSENT IN AND FOR THE CHURCH
Theologians and Humanae Vitae
By CHARLES E. CURRAN, ROBERT HUNT, et al.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DISSENT: THE CHURCH AND ACADEMIC FREEDOM
By JOHN F. HUNT, TERRENCE CONNELLY, et al.

"A most informative history of the responses to the encyclical, *Humanae Vitae,* and a most illuminating discussion of the relationship between authority and freedom in the Roman Catholic Church."—JOHN C. BENNETT, President, Union Theological Seminary, New York City, *November.* SEARCH Originals. Each: Prob. $2.95; Library Edition, Prob. $6.00

Published by
SHEED & WARD
64 University Place
New York, N.Y. 10003

Already Published

THE SOCIAL STUDIES
Myths and Realities
By DAVID F. KELLUM. "One of the most significant books on teaching the social studies to appear in a long time." —ALICE L. FOLEY, Assistant Superintendent, Brighton Schools, Rochester, N.Y. A SEARCH Original. $2.45. Library Edition, $5.00

EXILED TO EDEN
The Christian Experience of Sex
(Original title: *Beyond Birth Control*)
by SIDNEY C. CALLAHAN. $2.45

THE BLACK MESSIAH
By ALBERT B. CLEAGE, JR. $2.45

IMAGES AND SYMBOLS
By MIRCEA ELIADE. $2.25

READINGS IN GUIDANCE AND COUNSELING
Edited by JAMES MICHAEL LEE and NATHANIEL J. PALLONE. $5.95

MAURICE BLONDEL
An Introduction to the Man and His Philosophy
By JEAN LACROIX. $2.45

SEX, LOVE AND THE PERSON
By PETER A. BERTOCCI. $2.45

THE NEW ORPHEUS
Essays Toward a Christian Poetic
Edited by NATHAN A. SCOTT. $3.95

THE SCREEN ARTS
By EDWARD FISCHER. $1.95

PATHS TO UNITY
By RONALD E. MODRAS. $4.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it seems, with the traumatic experience of the two world wars, the experience of the dissolution of Western culture in its Protestant form. It is like the sense of the decline and fall of the Roman empire which pervades Augustine's *City of God*.

There was a difference, however, between the First and the Second World War. The First turned theologians like Barth away from the city of this world and all compromise with it and turned them towards the city of God. The Second turned theologians like Bonhoeffer the opposite way, away from the city of God and towards the city of this world. In the period following the Second World War Bultmann's pupils have returned to the "quest of the historical Jesus" of pre-world war days though in a new form; but Moltmann and Pannenberg have turned again to the city of God in the form of a "theology of hope" and of "God's history within history." The overall effect of the two wars is summed up for Zahrnt in Tillich's question, "the end of the Protestant era?" The lesson I draw from this very informative book, though, is that the world wars have been a religious experience, one of the most important religious experiences of all times.

Mirrors

LUCY WARNER

Knopf, $4.95

Hue and Cry

JAMES ALAN McPHERSON

Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95

Tike

JONATHAN STRONG

Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75

Going Places

LEONARD MICHAELS

Farrar, Straus, $4.95

RONALD CHRIST

Reading collections of short stories is like eating in those Chinese restaurants that serve only appetizers: often you are served up quick pleasures in rapid succession but left, no matter how full, with the moral sensation of not being satisfied. Actual bulk is not the problem at all, but substance is: if you're not going to rise from your chair thinking you need either meat and potatoes or a long novel, you've got to have the impression as well as the actuality of weight and solidity. In other words the stuff has got to stick to your mind as well as to your ribs. Of the four collections of short stories by young American writers considered here, all are enjoyable to read, but only one delivers that substance, while one fakes it, and two, for different reasons, offer less substantial fare.

Both Lucy Warner and James Alan McPherson write stories about lonely people going to pieces and both describe, to use McPherson's words, "a very small, extremely limited experience." Unfortunately, the one fails to extract a heft of significance from her material and the other to create a style that might render limited experience important. Miss Warner evokes a wispy world of feminine sentiment that would be pleasant, even admirable upon discovery in a lady's magazine but which evaporates between the hard covers of a book. It is a world without recognizable males, one where the touchstone of all experience is childhood and where characters are saved, for the moment at least, by small, reassuring gestures that enable them to make "the minor repairs of life."

McPherson tries for and achieves bigger effects, but he mutes them, robs them of their meat in flat, almost clinical language; he fails to raise the hue and cry his title invokes. In "Private Domain," for instance, Rodney hears two boys teasing a little girl with a dirty version of "Little Tommy Tucker," and McPherson says: "Rodney thought it obscene and a violation of a protective and sacred barrier between two distinctive different age groups." A "very excellent command of the language," as McPherson awkwardly writes of another character, but not one to nourish the imagination. Nor is the cautiously formal diction accidental. McPherson is a Negro writer who admittedly has tried to keep the question of race far in the background, and his stories show (and suffer from) this repression. In most of them he bleeds out color and balances opposites to achieve a fair picture—in "On Trains" we get the Southern lady who won't sleep in the same car with a Pullman attendant and the painted white girl who sleeps in the same bed with the black bartender, and in "An Act of Prostitution" the vulgar woman who sells her body and the cheap lawyer who trades his integrity. This formal balance is laudable, and McPherson resembles his character Rodney who has "an emotion with two sides like a coin, which was constantly spinning in his mind"; but there is a pall over his writing, a sense of energy, of guts withheld, suggesting that *Black* and *Negro* will necessarily become literary as well as social terms. LeRoi Jones, Eldridge Cleaver—these are Black writers; Ralph Ellison, McPherson—these are Negro writers. Perhaps the sad thing is that these Negro writers seem so prejudicially pale.

Far from pale are the stories of Jonathan Strong which lure us with flashy surfaces but reveal soft centers. Jonathan, it must be said, comes on a bit strong. Like Miss Warner, he is in his early twenties and his characters are young people in jeans and disillusioning love; and once again the emotions are gooey. Tike, the hero of the long story which makes up half of Strong's volume, tells us: "I remember the time in high school before a football game when I played the end of *The Pines of Rome* to work up my nerve." Romantic youth? Maybe, but combined with details like boys named "Tike," "Topher," and "Kit," the result is an awful aftertaste of saccharine not mitigated by a contrasting staccato style: "I feel her breasts on my chest. They are warm. My right hand is on her neck. It is smooth. I am getting excited. She can tell"—a "gosh" and "groovy" world of mush frozen into spastic simpleminded-ness.

Not everything in this volume, however, is false show: "Supperburger" is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the real thing. In it a rootless teenager lives on the invitations of troubled people anxious to find some scrap of innocence in a young face and casual clothes. The story is told in the boy's words which subtly obscure his motives. Is he really the guileless recipient or is he playing those weary adults for what they're worth—to him? "Supperburger" calls to mind James Purdy and demonstrates Strong's genuine talent when he drops the guise of simple wholesomeness (and the pretense of an elaborately plain style) to pursue subtle evil masked in young artlessness.

Totally different from these other writers, Leonard Michaels is also far better. His stories present a weirdly heightened world where simple acts and feelings are translated into nightmarish reality by means of a distinctive style that gives substance to humorous, horrifying whimsy. "Only a dream, but so is life," remarks the narrator in "Sticks and Stones" and so Michaels' stories obey the dual principle of the real dream: "I approved of everything and nodded without cease until my head fell off. She looked away as I groped for it on the ground and put it back on, shouting hello, hello." Just as in dreams, embarrassment, frustration, crazy violence and agony of mind expressed as torment of body are the stuff of these stories; but also as in dreams, everything is madly, pathetically funny—not to the dreamer of course, but to us who read the dream. A college girl gets raped in "Manikin," but it's by a lonely, "furious Turk" trying to communicate with her in "heavy, crocodilean sentences"; and when the girl commits suicide, her body is discovered by one Wanda Chung who runs away to eat candy until she pukes and falls asleep, while the Turk, reading of the suicide, says miserably, "She loved me." The balance between the plaintively humorous and the grotesquely sad is what gives full dimension to Michaels' fiction —that and a charged language in which every sentence surprises so vigorously that you will hold your breath just waiting to see if he can keep it up. He can.

Emily Dickinson said a good poem would blow off the top of your head; A. E. Housman said it would make your whiskers bristle; but one of Michaels' own characters offers the best norm for these stories: "I could say things about you that would make your nipples pucker." They do just that, and the shock of your visceral response will keep you coming back to *Going Places* to feast on a rare talent in perfect control of its power. The book's title tells you all you need to know about the career of this young writer.

Tomorrow's Christian

ED MARCINIAK

Pflaum Press, $5.95

JOHN A. McDERMOTT

The significance of this book is as much in its source as in its content. It is Ed Marciniak's first book, the heartfelt outpouring of a man deeply admired and loved by many as a principal architect of the once vigorous, pre-Cody Chicago Catholic social action movement. Marciniak figured prominently in this movement before he went to work for Mayor Daley ten years ago. Out of his experience as a "secular Christian" (Marciniak despises the term "layman"), as a Catholic social action leader and as an insider in City Hall and the world of secular decision-making, Marciniak has fashioned a strategy for the future of the church.

There is a nostalgic, yesterday quality about most of his proposals however. They deal mainly with lay-clergy relations and the proper role of the priest. He has nothing to say about *Humanae Vitae* or about coping in an era of doctrinal confusion and rebel-

REVIEWERS

NORA MAGID was formerly Literary Editor of *The Reporter*.

FATHER JOHN S. DUNNE, C.S.C., is a professor of theology at Notre Dame.

RONALD CHRIST is a free-lance writer and critic.

JOHN A. MCDERMOTT, Senior Project Officer at The Urban Institute in Washington, D.C., was formerly Executive Director of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago.

shocking

". . . a valuable contribution to the literature in this area, and to a better understanding of the problem and the course of action which needs to be taken." —**Whitney Young, National Urban League**

BLACK REFLECTIONS ON WHITE POWER

Sterling Tucker

A terrifying view of the white man's system by the Director of Field Services National Urban League. Cloth, $4.50

9-21 At your bookseller's

WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

The Story of the Woodlawn Organization—How "people power" was organized to bear upon the problems of the Black ghetto. Rev. Brazier brings to the book his Christian perspectives on Black Power. Cloth, $4.95

Arthur M. Brazier

BLACK SELF-DETERMINATION:

encouraging

"All Americans striving to understand and to respond meaningfully to the Black Revolution should read Brazier's account of the Woodlawn Organization." —**Charles H. Percy, U. S. Senator**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lion. Nor is there a word about celibacy or the hemorrhaging of the ranks of priests and religious.

Marciniak blasts away at clericalism and lays out a series of solid guidelines which would emphasize the centrality of the priest's role *within* the congregation as an educator and molder of laymen. He discourages the priest as a public man because he sees him as basically unpriestly and almost always undercutting the layman.

There is a distressing middle-class blindness in Marciniak's prescription, however, which he applies with special force to the activist, picketing priest. He simply doesn't understand the situation facing the Groppis of the Church whose congregations are powerless and do not need formation so much as they need defense against the bloodsuckers of an oppressive social system. Most of the "activist" priests whom Marciniak deplores come, in my experience, not from the suburbs but from the slums where militant activism is almost the only relevant Christian response.

Marciniak frequently compares the lot of the layman in the church to that of the black man in society, but his reforms smack of "Uncle Tom." He hasn't learned lesson one of the civil rights movement: power is not shared until the powerless move to assume their rightful share. Most of his proposals for reform depend for their enactment on appeals to bishops and priests to restrain themselves and stay off the layman's turf. There is not a word about organizing appropriate lay power in the community of the church to confront clericalism not just with a reform ideal, but with a different reality.

In Marciniak's view the priest is always an outsider in the secular community. It is the insider, the professional, the civil servant who is at the center of the action, he argues. It is within his life that the church and the world truly meet. He is the "double agent," he must be respected as the principal agent of the Christian community in the work of social reform. Fair enough; but these days are hardly those when the "insiders" in the Pentagon or in the Curia or in Mayor Daley's City Hall have won our deep confidence that they know what they are about.

IN BRIEF

Authority and Institution. By James Drane. Bruce, $5.95.

Reactions to Drane's brief on Church authority have been mixed. Although written in a self-confessed two-month spurt, it is hardly a gratuitous work. Part one deals with authority apropos the institutional apparatus; the second part treats the question in relation to matters of faith and morals.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 555)

he should have spelled these out. But he does not offer a shred of evidence to substantiate his charge. If anything, the review attempted to explain away some of the book's inadequacies, by pointing out that the author was very pressed for time.

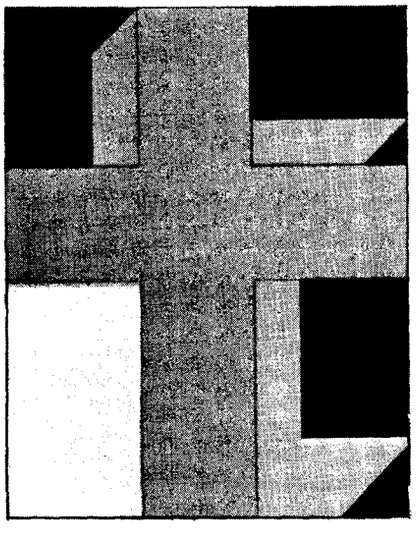
When *Commonweal* asked me to review the book, I pointed out that I was listed in the Acknowledgments as one of the nine people who read the entire book in draft, and suggested that this might disqualify me as a reviewer. A carbon of that letter went to Father McCluskey. When I was told to go ahead with the review, I simply drew on the detailed criticisms I had earlier provided Father McCluskey, choosing to focus on those deficiences I felt he had failed to remedy. There was nothing in the review—including the one-liners—which Father McCluskey has not heard from me before. I suspect there is little Mr. Holtz has not heard from me before—since he also worked for me at one time. If there is something of a personal attack being mounted, I would suggest that it is Mr. Holtz's, not mine. ROBERT HASSENGER

Rendering to Caesar

Elizabeth, N.J.

To the Editors: In his recent letter [Aug. 22], the Rev. Paul Bedard calls the Milwaukee 14 "Immature, unrealistic, egoists. I have yet to see any of these champions of the underprivileged . . . do anything positive." To set the Milwaukee 14 record straight: Michael Cullen is the founder of the Casa Maria, a Catholic Worker-style house in Milwaukee. Don Cotton has worked in Appalachia and in the white poverty

"The most exciting book on the Church in our generation." —*Commonweal*



GERMAN CATHOLICS AND HITLER'S WARS
by Gordon C. Zahn

Now—the story of why German Catholics (along with other Christian groups) lent almost complete support to Hitler's wars of conquest; why there were not more Catholic conscientious objectors to Hitler's aggressive policies; and what became of the German Catholic Peace League, which had 40,000 members just prior to World War II.

Professor Zahn examines these and other questions of one of the greatest 20th Century enigmas.

"A tragically important book."—*Washington Post*
"Deserves to be widely read and discussed."
—FRITZ STERN
"We rejoice that its words are now available to larger numbers of people."—DANIEL BERRIGAN, SJ

A Dutton Paperback, D234 $1.75

dutton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

areas of Chicago. Jim Forest was with the Catholic Worker on New York's Lower East Side. Father Harney established a house in the Baltimore poverty area. Father Janicke's especial interest was Alcoholics Anonymous. Father Mullaney is on the staff of an inner city house in Roxbury, Mass. Father Rosebough has worked in Chicago's inner city—and so it goes.

Precisely because they *were* concerned with the poor here and in Vietnam, these men felt shock treatment was needed to awaken us to the "gunless violence of the status quo: death by starvation and malnutrition, death from despair, death from overwork and exhaustion and disease. . . . The problem is no longer that of grasping what is happening. We know it by heart. Ours is rather a problem of courage. We wish to offer our lives and futures to blockade, absorb and transform the violence and madness which our society has come to personify." Their scene-of-the-crime statement concluded by asking us "to lay aside fear and economic addition in order to join in the struggle: to confront injustice in words and deeds, to build a community worthy of men made in the image and likeness of God . . . a society in which it is easier for men to be human."

Father Bedard even accuses protesters of living on relief! "And who gives them these checks? Why nobody but the establishment whom they despise." I would be astonished to learn that any of the highly educated 14 have ever been on relief! But what Father Bedard overlooks is this: the establishment taxes people like me, a working widow with two sons, taxes my income, taxes my supermarket shopping, taxes my gasoline, taxes me for the land I live on —and then lavishly spends my money for luxuries for the rich, for hideous weapons, for the destruction of poor people—I even subsidize liquor and food at the Officers Clubs around the world! I have been taxed to buy weapons for the French when *they* were trying to put down the Vietnamese war for independence. Not only am I taxed for this terrible Vietnam fiasco but soon I will be asked to give my two sons as well. The Establishment may write the checks, Father, but it is the labor of the poor which will provide the money.

Quite gladly, Father, will I render unto Caesar—but only the things that are his. Caesar did not create life. I myself have created life and have sustained it with my own labor. I am not a creation of the state. Rather the state is created by me. Sooner or later you and your establishment will have to answer to us, the poor, for your cruel use

"... will add a new dimension to the Catholic reader's concept of Protestant thought." —*Robert Campbell*, O.P., DePaul University

ECUMENICITY, EVANGELICALS AND ROME

by John Warwick Montgomery
Professor of Church History, Trinity Evangelical Divinity School

Penetrating observations on the ecumenical scene and its relationship to the issue of authority **$3.50**

sold through your bookseller

ZONDERVAN
PUBLISHING HOUSE • GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49506

CLASSROOM ORDERS, 10 or more copies for any number of weeks to one address, 20¢ a copy. Free copy added for instructor or distributor on request.

INDIVIDUAL STUDENT subscriptions: one year, $7; eight months, $5; six months, $3.50.

Circulation Department, COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

FORMER CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS

Our agency now has available qualified placement personnel to aid you in your transition to secular life. A wide variety of career positions await you in business, science, education, personnel, including corporate personnel counseling.

All fees paid by company
SPECIALIST
180 B'way, NYC 10038
(212) 349-2606 (agency)

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH:

Why the turmoil today? How did the Church get where it is? Have its institutions overwhelmed its spirit? How powerful is the Pope? How does he govern? Who are the saints? How much can the Church change? Can a *Roman* church ever become *Catholic?*

From the heat of crisis, the author of the best-selling THE TWO-EDGED SWORD "presents a clear explanation, in abbreviated form, of what the Catholic Church is. As such, the book will at least stimulate the appetite, if not entirely satisfy the curiosity, of the intelligent general reader."
— *The Kirkus Reviews*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

By John L. McKenzie, S.J.

A Selection of the Thomas More Book Club

$6.95 from your bookseller, or from

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.
383 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our time, money, resources, and lives. JEAN (MRS. PAUL) KEELAN

Viewing Redemption

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I have just finished reading Carolyn Schaffer's "A Jewish View of Redemption" [Aug. 22]. I agree fully that Martin Buber issues a secular challenge, a call to "make the world whole by serving man."

Comparatively speaking, there are many parallels between Buber's secular notion of "the hallowing of the Everyday," and Teilhard de Chardin's perspective of man. What a piece of work is man: He stands alone and unique in the universe, the one creature capable of thought and reason, the culmination of the evolutionary process. Man, capable of reflection, determining nature, and extending his environment becomes a center, a point at which all expression and experiences coalesce themselves into a unity conscious of its organization.

Because man is a reflective center he engages in personal activity and thus personalizes the world by centering the rest of the universe around himself. Chardin, like Buber, rejected a withdrawal from the world through some kind of ascetism or mysticism which seems to be the pattern in a certain kind of Christian spirituality and in some Oriental religions where man feels he must free himself from the material world to attain blessed unity. Chardin also rejects individualism, where the guiding principle for each individual is to achieve the utmost without regard for and in opposition to others.

In Teilhard's vision of "unity in community," man finds his existence in the striving for unity among men in community. For man, the unification of society and culture will lead to a deeper fulfillment of himself not at the opposition of others, but in the uniting of all. This approach, "to plunge resolutely into the stream of the whole in order to become a part of it" seems fitting in Teilhard's vision since the meaning of evolution is toward socialization and final convergence in supreme consciousness.

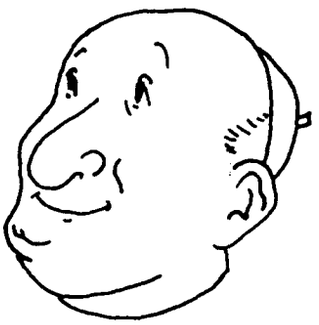
True, Buber's notion of hallowing is secular and Carolyn Schaffer states that "it requires that a person forget about God and concentrate upon relating to others for their own sake" and that in helping his neighbor man "should act as though there were no God."

What then is the meaning of evolution? What is redemption? Evolution has to be moving to some sort of fulfillment and this fulfillment must encompass man. Teilhard speaks of the "Omega Point," the point of final convergence, the supreme Conscious Personality in whom all other personalities will achieve union and harmony. Teilhard calls this "Christogenesis," the presence and action of God in Christ within the community, the one through whom all was created and the Omega to whom all is drawn in final fulfillment. The dual purpose of evolution for Chardin was to first, bring all the persons of the universe together through love and second, that Christ is the central thrust—the Personal Center activating the love energy of the world that humanity must experience to achieve final fulfillment.

If Carolyn Schaffer offers "Christians who, after all, believe not only that God is in man but that God is man," as her interpretation of Buber's notion, then I feel she is leaving us quite empty.

As Christians, believing that Jesus never left, but is present in His Spirit in resurrectional triumph, we are indeed faced with a challenge. We have the responsibility of the world in our hands, not only of our own, but of the

"POPE JOHN WAS WRONG!"



This was one reader's reaction to our grass roots ecumenism magazine. For a view of what's going on in the Roman Catholic Church's struggle to carry out Pope John's views of breaking down age-encrusted walls, send for a Free copy of THE LAMP.

The **Lamp**
Graymoor
Garrison, N. Y. 10524

Please send me a copy of THE LAMP.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

CL

"THOSE WHO put faith in Soviet 'thaws' are ignorant or self-deceiving. Though bureaucratic crystallization has permitted a decrease in the number of deaths, the Soviet Union continues to be the quintessential model of a terror-police state. But there is one profound change from Stalin's day. Far from confessing, many victims now reaffirm their words and acts, and sometimes find ways to tell the world what is happening."

For a free copy of Wm. F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. Q, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016.

Classified

● **RATES: 50¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $3.00 a line. Discounts: 5%, 3 times; 10%, 7 times; 15%, 13 times. Payable with order.**

Newman Center

● **LARGEST BLACK residential college in the Southwest needs a Newman Center for its 500 members. Any help appreciated. CATHOLIC NEWMAN ASSOCIATION, Drawer R, Prairie View A&M College, Prairie View, Texas, 77445.**

Chaplain Wanted

● **"SEMI-RETIRED" priest needed for chaplaincy and presence in Appalachian mission complex. Details, write: FATHER WILLIAM POOLE, Box 337, Martin, Kentucky 41649.**

Books

● **PAPERBACK Catalogue, 261 pages, 15,000 titles, subject indexed. $1, credited toward order. NEW YORK BOOK, 4Q W. 43rd St., NYC 10036.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entire world. Having benefited by millions of years of evolution we are handed the challenge of progressing ever so slowly to the point of final convergence, the convergence between cosmic evolution and Salvation History. The challenge is there. Do we accept it or turn away? No matter what the response the challenge remains and "the socialization of community is truly the crucial phase in the whole evolutive process." MARY ANN PADUANO

West Hyattsville, Md.

To the Editors: Carolyn Schaffer [August 22] writes that Christians "believe not only that God is in man but that God is man." I for one would not care to accept that formula without a rather thorough discussion of its significance. It might be equally valid to confess that "God is in man but God is not man." Nor is this second statement without ramification for the meeting of persons. It compels whoever speaks it to acknowledge himself and the other as relating individuals penetrated and enveloped by the transcendent: concrete, to be sure, but never fully comprehending or comprehended: real, to be sure, but never self-explanatory or self-sufficient.

Is this, as the author proposes, "only" a matter of a "later interpretation" in which alone the religious encounter differs from the secular? Assuming that the event is the same in both cases, I submit first that this interpretation is not inevitably later but can be and is, if not in all relationships then at least in some, prior and even simultaneous. Reflection does not await the completion of the entire life experience. I also submit that the event can be said to differ "only" in interpretation "only" if one is prepared to discount the importance of interpretation and the right of ultimate reality to be told like it is. There is more than a little wisdom in Chesterton's dictum that "the most important thing about a man is his view of the universe."

I have a great respect for secular man. He has much to tell me and I would be foolish not to listen. But as Christian I also have something to tell him and I would be foolish not to speak. The message of Easter, underscored by the insistence of the disciples that Jesus was really dead, the body was not stolen and there were no hallucinations, includes the proclamation that man did not raise Jesus. God raised him. In my opinion, the Christian who would convince himself or others that this meaning of Easter is dispensable has bent his knee to the god of relevance, a god who mocks and rejects his followers. FRANCIS J. REILLY

Watsonville, Calif.

To the Editors: Re: Carolyn Schaffer's, "Buber's Hallowing the Everyday, A Jewish View of Redemption" [Aug. 22]. It saddens me that such a distortion of Buber's thought should find some validation by publication in your pages.

The writer is so ego-charged with thin secularity, or so victimized by "It," or so asthmatic to what she calls "God talk" that she produces some very contrived statements, and ugly ones. She writes: "Is it not possible that Buber's 'hallowing of the everyday' is not religious at all but is essentially a secular theme which simply bears the trappings of religious language?"

That's crap. No less. Too, she has gall enough to pass judgment even upon how Buber "weakens his message."

Again, how could this have gotten into your pages? Following Buber's death in Jerusalem four years ago you carried a fine memorial to him which included one of his peculiarly provocative statements: "I know nothing of a 'world' and a 'life in the world' that might separate a man from God."

To quote you yourself on that occasion of July 2, 1965: "Few have cut so deeply (as Buber) to the roots of our technological civilization, offering a host of riches so powerful as to overwhelm one with their force."

Carolyn Schaffer reflects no experience with that force nor those riches. DAVID JAMESON

DEMOCRACY UNDER SCRUTINY

PREJUDICE U.S.A.
Edited by Charles Y. Glock and Ellen Siegelman, Foreword by Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, Chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission

Nine distinguished educators, writers, and political leaders survey the impact of prejudice on politics, the mass media, churches, education, and other American institutions. The contributors include Seymour Martin Lipset, Saunders Redding, Charles E. Silberman, and Richard Hatcher. Published in cooperation with the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

Paper: $2.25 Cloth: $5.95

THE DEMOCRATIC EXPERIENCE
Past and Prospects
By Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul E. Sigmund

Reinhold Niebuhr offers a profound historical discussion of the democratic experience in the West; Professor Sigmund relates Dr. Niebuhr's themes to the problems of emerging nations today. "This wise and enlightening book examines the conditions under which democracy has worked in the past and in doing so, throws fresh light on the vital question of democracy's future."
—*Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*
$5.95

PRAEGER PUBLISHERS
111 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ten years from now Juanita will have her own destitute children.

Juanita's future is already written. Ten years from now her family will no longer support her. Chances are that at 14 she will be pregnant, illiterate, and incapable of coping with life. In Juanita's little world life revolves around a one-room dirt floor shack and the hazards of open drains.

But how can a 14-year-old girl who never learned to read follow directions for cleaning out a drain?

How can a 14-year-old girl who can't afford proper medical supervision give birth to a healthy child?

In ten years you won't be able to help Juanita.

But today you can.

By filling out the coupon on this page and becoming a Foster Parent. It costs just $16 a month.

Under Foster Parents Plan you "adopt" a child who continues to live with his family, but your donations make it possible for your child to have clothes so he may go to school. He and his family get things like pots, pans, mattresses and medical attention.

Each month your child writes to you, and you write to him. Foster Parents Plan handles all the translations. You may "adopt" a boy or girl. You may even choose the country.

Foster Parents Plan works with local health and welfare agencies in order to give children a chance to grow up and be something other than miserable victims of poverty, hunger, and lack of education.

In the countries where Foster Parents Plan has operated—Italy for example—we have left a legacy, a legacy of educated, vital, contributing citizens who now know how to help their own people.

Choose a child, and be a Foster Parent. In a very real way the child you help may be your own.

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Hong Kong, Korea, the Philippines, and South Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex _____, age _____, nationality _____. _____I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be made monthly ☐, quarterly ☐, semi-annually ☐, annually ☐.
_____I enclose herewith my first payment of $_____.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.

COM-9-69

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED